

The Dick Pic Fic

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The Dick Pic Fic

by [George Benji](#)

Summary

Sapnap standing in a mirror, the edge of his shirt bitten between his teeth so his stomach was bare and his sweats hanging low to expose his navel. His happy trail leading down and his hand tucked beneath the waistband gripping his own-

George tossed his phone across his couch and stood up, immediately breaking into pacing around his house.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

George's phone lit up with a ding and George's hand instinctively went to check. A snap from Sapnap. George's face lit up a bit at that.

It took a moment for him to properly understand what his eyes were seeing.

Sapnap standing in a mirror, the edge of his shirt bitten between his teeth so his stomach was bare and his sweats hanging low to expose his navel. His happy trail leading down and his hand tucked beneath the waistband gripping his own-

George tossed his phone across his couch and stood up, immediately breaking into pacing around his house.

What could this mean.

Like possibly. It could mean that... oh god.... George, leaving his phone to sit on his couch, ran to his computer, opens discord and calls Dream.

"Uh what's up?" Dream's voice sounded groggy, like he'd just woken up from a nap. Or maybe it was the middle of the night... oh god that made this worse.

"HELP," George screamed down his mic.

"Jesus!" He could hear Dream jump, "What's wrong?"

"Sapnap just confessed his feelings for me in possibly the worst way ever."

"What... his feelings?"

"DREAM!" George screamed again, "He sent me an.. an *explicit* picture on *snapchat* ."

"Noooo..." Dream trailed, "there's no way- no he wouldn't... No you're better than that. Come on, he- he knows you deserve... I don't know *at least* a discord call." Dream was laughing.

"Okay clearly you are not taking this serious Dream. What am I supposed to do?!"

"Send him a dick pic back."

Of course. The answer was so simple. And yet... "Have you gone insane?!"

Dream burst out with laughter, "Come on, it will at least be funny. Maybe he just wanted to compare sizes, you know him."

" *Dream!* He- He didn't even- It wasn't an actual dick pic, I mean he's hardly nude."

"Okay fine then show me."

"It's on snapchat I can't screenshot it."

"Turn on your camera and show me then."

George groaned before turning on his camera and smiling sourly at the camera. He pulls off his headset and returns with his phone. "Okay Dream, can you see?" George holds the picture up to the camera, trying his best to hide his blush.

"I... yeah... okay he's either joking or really horny."

"Well he's always both of those, I just don't see why it needed to be aimed *at me* ."

"Okay see so what I think you should do is send him a picture of your boner."

George gasps, "I don't- *I do not have a boner !*"

Dream laughs, "Okay well pop one and send him a picture, just your lap, and clothed of course."

"I-" George's mind is racing a million miles per minute he can't sort his thoughts, just switches his phone to his camera and starts to palm himself through his sweats. It doesn't work at first, him staring up at his ceiling and trying to focus on the feeling.

And then Dream clears his throat.

And George's eyes dart to stare into his webcam. He swears he can feel it staring back.

"Oh god you just-"

"I just saw you masturbate, yeah I know."

"Oh my god," George buries his face in his hands, "I can't live this down."

"George, it's fine. Really. I don't mind."

"You don't- WHAT?"

Dream stutters for a moment, "I- I just mean... Like we're close. I don't know, it doesn't bother me. It- it looked like you were having trouble anyway," Dream chuckles, "maybe I can help."

George can feel his face heat up hotter than a stove top and he almost wishes he hadn't called Dream for advice... Almost.

"How exactly do you plan on doing that?"

"Uh I don't actually..." Dream clears his throat, "I'll be honest, I didn't think I'd get this far, I have no fucking clue."

George laughs, takes a deep breath and then slips his hand into his sweats, rubbing at his cock, letting his mind wander to Sapnap's bare stomach... his low waistband... his hand hidden by his own sweats. George hears Dream grunt and his eyes open wide, his dick twitching.

"Do that again," it comes out more as a suggestion than a command.

“Do- Do what again?” Dream’s breath is hitched and George knows what’s happening, but he doesn’t want to say it.

“Make that noise again it- You *said* you wanted to help.”

A couple seconds pass and George wonders if he’s somehow messed up. Dream lets out a long, low moan and George bites his lip to keep himself quiet.

“Okay, okay I’ve got a semi,” George says, pulling his hand from his pants, and lifting his phone to take the picture.

“Show me,” Dream’s breathing is certainly labored and George pretends he can’t hear the sound of Dream’s shorts rustling.

“My cock?”

“No-” Dream laughs, “the picture.”

“Oh...” George turns the phone to show the camera the picture and Dream lets out a noise not unlike a hiss. “You know...” George trails, “if you want your own I can send you something too.”

“Geor- George don’t joke about that.”

“I’m not...” George steels himself, hits send on the snap and slips his hand back under his pants. “Better yet...” George tilts his webcam down just a bit, keeping part of his face in the frame, but making sure his crotch is centered.

“What- What are you doing?” Dream stops himself to moan loudly.

“We’re having a moment, right?” George tosses his head back, thumbing the tip of his dick under the pants. Shivers are sent through his body when Dream moans again.

Dream and George don’t say anything for a while, just moving their hands along their dicks, and

making small noises.

Until George's phone lights up with a notification from snapchat and he uses his free hand to check it. Dream makes a small whining noise when George's pace slows down and he can't help smile at the camera.

sapnap: holy shit

"Sapnap saw it," George's breathing is labored and talking isn't exactly easy.

"G-good. Show me if he sends anything back."

s: im so sorry

"Uh..." George takes his hand from his pants to hold his phone in both hands and Dream growls.
"He said he's sorry."

"What?"

"I don't- I don't know..."

s: i did NOT mean to send that to you

George's face drains of all color.

"Dream... oh god."

"What? What's happening?"

"He- It- The picture wasn't meant for me."

There's a long pause. "... no..." he whispers it quietly, as if receiving news of a terminal illness.

s: i cant believe i sent that to you im so sorry

"What do I even say back to him?" George shifts uncomfortably in his seat, his boner making it almost impossible to focus.

"Send him a video?"

"*Dream!*"

"Win him over."

"I-" George thinks about it for a moment. "That is not a bad idea." George holds the record button as he films himself groping his own solid dick through his pants. He sends the video to Sapnap and hopes he understands what it means.

Dream grunts loudly, and then all George can hear is his quick, loud breaths.

"Dream...?"

"Y-yeah?"

George has no honest clue what he was planning on following that with. Was he going to ask Dream if he was having fun? If he liked George?? What if he says yes... George can't live with that.

George grabs the hem of his sweats, and pulls them down, almost painfully slow. He can hear Dream holding his breath and he can't help but smirk.

"Touch... touch yourself now," Dream speaks in a cross between a beg and a command.

"You're not giving me orders, are you Dream?" George teases.

"I am if you wa-ant me to," Dream's voice hikes up and George can tell he's edging.

George shrugs.

"Touch yourself," Dream sounds to be holding something back, but nonetheless it comes out as a command and George moans when a warm feeling swells in his stomach.

His phone lights up with a call from Sapnap.

George rubs one hand against his dick, the fabric of his boxers adding friction, and uses his other hand to pick up the call, slipping his headset so it's only over one ear.

"Hi Sapnap," George bites his tongue to stay quiet and hopes he doesn't sound nearly as breathless as he feels.

Dream moans loudly and George prays his phone can't pick up his headphones.

"George I-" Sapnap clears his throat and George squeezes his dick, biting his lip as hard as he can to stay quiet. "I don't know what to say. Did you *mean* to send that video to me because I'm- I don't know I just... I don't know. Was it a joke?"

"N-no," George's voice quivers and he throws his head back, biting his lip for a moment.

"You're so- so bad at acting," Dream teases, his own voice husky.

"Shut up Dream," George says quietly, hoping Sapnap won't hear.

"Wait- Dream? Huh?" Sapnap sounds confused, "Are you in a call with Dream?"

"Mhmm."

Dream moans, and George laughs once before biting his lips again.

"Wait... wait, hold on. George- George *are you jerking off with Dream right now?!*"

"Busted," Dream sings and George realizes Dream had heard the entire call.

"I can neither confirm no-o-or deny..." George gives up on masking and moans loudly.

"Dude... what the fuck," Sapnap sounds confused still.

"Just tell him you feel the same way about him," Dream whispers heavily.

George rolls his eyes at his webcam. "You know- you can always join."

There's a long silence and then Dream's quick breathing makes George laugh so he hangs up the phone call to add Sapnap the discord call.

It rings twice before Sapnap joins.

"Oh holy shit you have your facecam on okay holy shit," there's some noise of rustling and then Sapnap's camera turns on.

"George take off your underwear," Dream orders, a waiver making him trail off almost.

"Yes Dream." The warm feeling in George's stomach swells larger, so he slips his underwear down, just enough for his dick to spring out, throbbing and sore almost. George pumps it slowly, making quiet moaning noises and biting his lip, able to taste his own sweat.

Sapnap's eyes are wide, as if he's still processing what's going on.

"Sapnap," Dream barks, snapping him out of his trance, "you're gonna want to move that camera down a bit."

Sapnap's face turns to a smirk and George groans loudly, "Only if you turn yours on."

"I don't like showing-"

"Just your dick then," Sapnap looks eager.

"P-please Dream," George begs. Just the thought of Dream's fingers wrapped around his leaking head- George almost screams when the warmth in his stomach rises to his entire body, his nerves on fire.

"For you baby." There's a moment where Dream's camera is loading and then his lap is on the screen, he's shirtless in his boxers, pulled down to his knees so his hands can wrap around his cock.

"George is our baby?" Sapnap asks as he aims his camera down, his crotch just barely on screen with his face.

"George is *my* baby," Dream pumps his dick faster and George can't help but follow the pace.

"You can share," George moans and loves the way Dream stops moving his hands for a moment, grunting as well.

"I'll share you whenever baby girl," Sapnap pulls his sweats and boxers down, slowly trailing a finger from his tip down his shaft.

"Put your fingers in your mouth baby," Dream's practically crying but George does so anyway.

George sucks on his own fingers, pumping his dick as fast as possible. Dream moans, his hand leaving his dick for a moment. George takes his fingers out of his mouth, a trail of saliva

connecting them to his mouth. Sapnap starts to move his hand up and down his dick, catching up to George and Dream.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Dream lets out small whimpers, touching his leaking cock softly. "I wish one of you was here to suck me off." His breath is heavy and the words hang in the air for a moment.

The implication that he *wants* to have sex with them not quite missing their heads.

"And here I thought," George bites his fingers to muffle a moan, "that you- that this was just something friends do."

"Bros can get each other off," Sapnap says, his eyes screwed shut tightly.

"Dude," Dream laughs, the vowel wavering, "you sent George a partial nude." Dream trails his finger at the head of his dick, moaning with a full body shiver.

"Not- not on purpose," Sapnap's breathing gets heavier as he watches Dream and George play with themselves.

George can't tell if he's allowed to complete yet, so he tries his best to edge, ignoring the cum already leaking down his dick.

" *Pretty baby, you're so good for us* ," Dream whispers into his mic, sending shivers through George's body. " *You look so tasty and beautiful.* "

Sapnap has a weak smile on his face and George knows he'd be powerless to them if Sapnap joined in. George rubs a hand at the inside of his thigh, stimulating himself but still edging. He moans in waves, getting louder.

Dream moans too, his hands clasping his dick.

Sapnap leans off camera for a moment, and then he leans back into frame, he pulls off his clothes completely. George whines and Dream's hands slow down, his pace unbearably slow. Sapnap props one leg onto his desk, his ass now in view of the camera, George can't help but lick his lips.

Sapnap jerks one hand on his dick, the other hand moving to finger himself. He starts with one finger and Dream immediately demands he uses two.

"Pushy Dream, here I thought George was our baby," Sapnap's head is thrown down, he peers to see the computer screen.

"He is... you still do as you're told though-" Dream cuts himself off as cum leaks from his dick, his voice turning to loud staggered moans.

Sapnap speeds his pace up, fingering himself and rubbing his hand on his dick, his breathing quick loud pants.

George can barely hold the hot mess boiling in his stomach, the feeling enough to make him go insane. It's bubbling over and-

Dream practically growls as he cums, the mess coating his stomach and presumably chest and face as well. George can't help but scream as his hotness from his stomach spills out *finally*, his cum ruining the shirt he was wearing.

George and Dream sit silently, naked and messy. Sapnap is quick to follow, the only noise he makes is a small grunt. The three stay silent, one by one they turn their cameras off, heavy breathing filling the call.

George stands, stripping his dirty clothes and getting into bed, his headset still on. He falls asleep quickly.

When George wakes up, Sapnap and Dream are whispering in the call.

"That was honestly what surprised me the most, beside knowing you'd never confess like that," Dream whispers.

"Mhm, it actually was an accident. I wanted you two to have your space but... I don't know he invited me to join and I just-" Sapnap sounds sincere and George hopes they don't notice he woke up.

"Yeah, of course. You'd respect us, and honestly it was so much fun with you."

"See when you told me you had feelings for him, I kinda just dropped everything I had. I still didn't really know if I liked him or you more but that was like... oh I guess I can't have either. But with this- I never realized it was possible to have both."

Dream chuckles quietly, "I was in the same boat. Again, honestly the most surprising part was that you'd apparently confessed to liking him. I couldn't see why you'd do that, like at least without talking to me first."

"I totally wouldn't have, and I wouldn't call it confessing either way. What if I just felt cute."

This time George laughs and they both stop talking.

"George...?" Dream asks tentatively, "You awake?"

George considers fake snoring for a moment before he remembers that he doesn't snore. "Yes."

"How much did you hear?" Sapnap sounds scared.

"Enough to know that I really want to try that in person."

Sapnap breaths out in relief and Dream laughs, "Good."

"I love you guys," George says.

"We love you too."

End Notes

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